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The Mixture of Medals.

The nearly 2,000 men and the one woman,
our old friend Dr. Mary Walker, who are
entitled to wear medals of honor will be
interested in a law which was enacted in
the closing days of the late session in
which allows them to wear one of the
two insignia which now stands for that
emblem. The old design was superseded
in 1904 by a newer, but not better, device,
which had been adopted by some people,
then of influence in the War Department,
who regarded the old medal as too plain.
The new design was adopted by authority
of law, regardless of the protests which
were promptly filed against the rejection
of the old badge, in opposition to the
commemorative of which it was argued that
it bore too closely a resemblance to the
emblem of the Grand Army of the Republic.
The new design was a mixture of
tinsel tawdriness, and lost in dignity in
proportion to what it gained in garishness.
Holders of the medal of honor were
not inclined to surrender the old emblem,
although many of them were
willing to draw the new one and still hold
on to the original medal. An attempt had
been made to straighten out the awkward
situation by the legislation of last Feb-
ruary, by virtue of which holders of the
new medal may surrender them for the
old medal.

The effect, in the end, is to have two
medals of honor of separate and distinct
design, one endowed by the nation, the
other by the title may be permitted, by sacred
tradition, and the other appealing to
cheap notions of "fame." The law which
prevent people from wearing both
medals at the same time, but that prohi-
bition can be enforced only in the case
of members of the army, navy, and
Marine Corps. Civilians, including Dr.
Mary Walker, may wear both medals if
they can get them at the same time.
It was realized, when this change in
design of the medal was adopted, that
there would be confusion growing out of
disaffection over the design itself, and
this expectation has been fully realized.

Mr. Harriman is credited with saying that
he would give \$10,000,000 to rehabilitate ex-
Gov. Odell, and now Harriman and others
are said to be raising a fund of \$5,000,000
to break down Mr. Roosevelt's influence.
In both instances the amounts named
seem ridiculous, small!

A Great Legislature.
We profess a very high regard for the
Texas legislature. It does things.
Whether outsiders—who really have nothing
to do with it, anyhow—approve its
course is a matter with which it concerns
itself scantily. The Texas legislature does
things to itself, but it does things—
that's the point. It renders verdicts con-
cerning itself and its creatures without
waiting for committee reports, and other
trifles.

The Texas senate on Tuesday passed a
bill requiring all bed sheets hereafter used
in boarding houses, hotels, etc., to be not
less than nine feet in length. The house,
it is said, will concur in the senate's ac-
tion, and the governor will undoubtedly
sign the bill.
This is no trivial matter. It is full of
patriotism and common sense. It is a law
evolved from the mind of a statesman
worthy to rank with the best statesmen
the market affords. In the first place, it
will greatly increase the demand for
Texas' great staple, cotton. Assuming, for
the sake of convenience, that the total
population of Texas is 2,500,000, and that
every Texan needs and must use at least
two sheets per annum, it will readily be
seen that the total consumption of sheets
in Texas every twelve months amounts
to 5,000,000. The average length and width
of the present Texas sheet being six feet,
in each direction, it will be observed that
it will be necessary to add two square
yards of sheeting to each Texas sheet per
annum, in order to bring them within the
law—or a total addition of 10,000,000 square
yards of sheeting!

So much for Texas alone. Should the
entire cotton growing section of the South
fall in behind Texas, the expense of the
bed sheet would be something staggering.
Nowhere this side of kingdom-come would
there exist so beseeched a people! Instead
of ten-cent cotton and ten-cent straw-
berries, Texas would soon be boasting
twenty-cent cotton and strawberries for
nothing! And this estimate is based upon
the very conservative assumption that the
Texas use of bed sheets is limited to two
sheets per annum per Texan. Of course,
a great many Texans do not use sheets at
all, but the average use is probably a
great deal higher than we figure.

We call the South's attention to the
latest Texas idea. It is a good thing and
deserves to be pushed along. The greater
part of the erstwhile "rights of the sov-
ereign States" has slipped away, quietly but
surely, and there is very little left that
State legislatures may do now. The big
government at Washington has taken
charge of most things. But there would
be no fear of Federal regulation of sheets.
By following Texas' lead the South has a
great opportunity to do herself a splendid
service, and at the same time get around
advocating anything like centralization of
power.

The wife of the President of Nicaragua
rode 150 miles on mule back in order to
assist with the nursing of wounded sol-
diers of both the Nicaraguan and the

Honduran troops. No wonder that Nicara-
guan army walks all over the face of
Central America just as it pleases.

John L. Appraiser Hughes.
We have heretofore evidenced a high
regard for the latter-day sayings and
flamboyant ruminations of Mr. John
Lawrence Sullivan, erstwhile champion
heavy-weight pugilist of the world, and
present heavy-weight philosopher! Mr.
Sullivan is a Democrat by nature, and a
radical by reason of environment and
early training. He believes in straight
jobs, straight opportunities, and knockouts.
He is an anti-mollycoddle of the anti-molly-
coddles, and sets great store by the phys-
ical examples of Ajax, Hercules, Goliath,
Samson, et al.

Advancing years have crowned the old
warrior's head with snowy whiteness, but
clothed his intellect with greater dignity
and much greater calm. Statesmen rave
and imagine vain things, but Mr. Sullivan
possesses his soul in patience and quiet-
ude even amidst the fiercest of the mad-
crowd's ignoble strife away from the mad-
nations to the Ananias Club disturb not
the sweet and mellow serenity of his
happier days, and his conclusions and ad-
justments of affairs are marked by sober
reflection and mature analysis.

Just now Mr. Sullivan is giving forth
his studied estimate of Gov. Hughes, of
New York. Mr. Sullivan seems first to
have taken note of Gov. Hughes when he
learned that the gentleman had been
designated "an animated feather duster."
"A feather duster," observes this rare
philosopher, "is not to blame for being a
feather duster. No more so than a girl
baby is to blame for being a girl. The
point is, being a feather duster, he is an
animated one while you are about it!"
Were Socrates, Confucius, or any other
ancient and well-approved authority upon
matters of such import alive to-day and
assembling the wisdom of the ages into
inking sentences pregnant with well-in-
tentioned meaning, not one could state so
superb a rule of conduct more happily!
In his own way, Mr. Sullivan reaches the
ultimate height of dispassionate reason-
ing, and lays down in red-blooded Eng-
lish a golden rule the following of which
leads to perfect success in this life:

"Take in from John L. this man is so quiet-
ude, he's got the fighting edge, and I've
sided up many a man at the ring side, and I'm not
able to make a mistake. No, sir; take it from this, this
will never be down in a fight. Strikes me he
must be good for something, too."
"I looked at him as I've looked at many a man
of his size, and bigger, but I got the shivers when
he trained those big, cold eyes on me. Says I to
myself, this big fellow's got 'em all skinned a
minute in the ring, and I'll get 'em beat the
moment he puts eyes on 'em."
"Now, take John L.'s tip: 'Any man that goes
into the ring with Gov. Hughes will be taking the
country by the hind end, and I'll get 'em beat the
moment he puts eyes on 'em.'"
"Here's what he said to me after looking at me
steadily for a minute and shaking his head: 'John,
there are eleven of you in your constitution.'"
Now, what do you think of that?

The old gladiator's words ring true!
He presents the governor of the Empire
State with a certificate of character which
he no doubt richly deserves, and which,
if he has followed the mental gyrations of
Mr. Sullivan as we have followed them,
he will accept with due appreciation of
the source from whence it comes. It is
the verbal estimate of a mellow philoso-
pher—long may he wave and philoso-
phize—and it is not to be lightly con-
sidered and appreciated because it comes
dressed up in plain clothes, rather than
rhetorical, fancy dress.

Mr. Hughes is a great possibility in this
land. There is an evident future of large
and expansive endeavor open before him.
Mr. Sullivan finds him "no quitter." An
admirable attribute, and one well calcu-
lated to win him much favor in the eyes
of all his fellow-countrymen.

The Democracy is showing a surprising
tendency to sit quietly on the fence and
watch the Republicans fight it out among
themselves.

Evans' Justice of the Peace.

Busse's Boosters were not the only war-
riors who followed a militant leader to
glorious victory in Cook County last Tues-
day. Mrs. McCullough's Macerators were
down in the goods, also, and when the
din of the battle died away their in-
trepid ebullience was no longer a pri-
vate citizenship, but a full-fledged, duly
elected justice of the peace.

The writers for the public prints, ever
ready to exalt mere man unwarrantedly,
have not been fair to Mrs. McCullough—
Mrs. Catharine Vaughn McCullough, to
give her all that is coming to her in the
matter of names. To Busse they devoted
columns; to Mrs. McCullough grudging
paragraphs. We think any fair-minded
person will agree that, while Busse's vic-
tory was notable, it is no more worthy of
attention than the whirlwind campaign
which Mrs. McCullough carried to a suc-
cessful conclusion. Hence our haste to
tell the waiting world of it.

We were almost forgetting to say that
it was in Evanston, Chicago's model sub-
urb, and not in the city of the big win-
dow, that this political Joan of Arc
fought and won her fight. This fact might
seem to lessen the measure of her vic-
tory, but Evanston's reputation for mod-
esty is known to all the world; but when we
say that her defeated opponent for the
privilege of dispensing justice was a
plumber, we feel that we have demon-
strated the fullness of Mrs. McCullough's
strength, chivalry or no chivalry. Every-
body knows the potentiality of the
plumber in politics, yet here is one
knocked higher than the price of eggs, and
by a woman!

That the battle of Evanston will go
down in history with other decisive bat-
tles, from Cook County around the world
and back again the news will travel and
traveling, bring joy to feminine hearts.
The suffragettes of London doubtless will
be emboldened to move once more on Par-
liament House, and who will say that the
time, lords or commons or guards will be
able to prevent their triumphal entry?
In far-off Australia and New Zealand,
where women long have had the right of
the ballot, Evanston's contribution to the
cause of female suffrage will be thrice
welcomed. In our own Colorado, cries of
gladness will ascend. From the feminine
standpoint, we should say that the next
best thing to being able to vote is to be
elected to office.

Concerning the possibilities or probabili-
ties of the introduction of innovations in
Mrs. McCullough's methods of dispensing
justice, we prefer to remain silent. The
subject is too big to be approached with-
out great care and deliberation. Judging
from the newspaper pictures of the lady,
however, we feel that we are safe in say-
ing that the opening of her court will
never be delayed by any agitation, or
perturbance, or whether the waves in her
hair are set at the proper curves. In other words, Mrs.
McCullough's pictures indicate that she is
an eminently sensible woman, and we be-
lieve that we only reflect the prevailing
opinion in Evanston when we say that her
administration will be as successful as
as was her campaign against the plumber.

It seems that Easter may fall on
March 22. However, for the information

of those ladies who were so sorely dis-
appointed last Sunday, it has not done so
since 1761.

"It is impossible to build the Panama
Canal, says Mr. James H. Stark. Come,
come, man; don't be a mollycoddle!"

Now that the Chicago campaign is over,
it is proposed to change a big batch of near-
label suits will be quietly withdrawn.

Mr. Taft undoubtedly appreciates the
delicacy of his position before the Amer-
ican people. He has been climbing in and
out of wells, poking into big holes, and
such things down on the isthmus.

Jurywork the Thaw trial again wends
its weary way.

Morgan Motte Mudge is New Hamp-
shire's new spring post. His name scans
as nicely as "Annanabee."

Congressman Rainey says those won-
derful "regular" 30-cent lunches served
at Panama are really ordered in advance
for distinguished visitors and cost some-
thing in the neighborhood of \$1.65. Does
Mr. Rainey, too, aspire to make
things look like 30 cents?

The members of the Ananias Club will
probably neglect to lock up the silver
overnight now.

A Minnesota miner has inherited \$5,000,
and, of course, will not have so much
trouble digging up money for his needs in
the future.

The President's congratulatory remarks
concerning Mr. Busse's great victory in
Chicago were not rapturously enthusias-
tic. But, then, it must be remembered
that Mayor Dunne has thirteen children.

We should like, politely, to inquire of
the President: Why this unseasonable
delay upon the part of Texas' famous
30-pound watermelons?

The talk about reforming the British
House of Lords has been going on for
as much as when it was given out that
the lords would be reformed by their
friends.

"A neighbor who carries scandal to you
will take a load away," observes the Bal-
timore American. Is gossip necessarily
conducive to excessive indulgence in
strong drink?

"Is the tariff a live issue?" asks the
Baltimore Sun. Alive, perhaps, but not
lively!

Nevertheless, from out the wreck still
beams the glorious rays of Col. Jim Ham
Lewis' pink whiskers.

All men are liars, and especially some!

Secretary Taft has issued an order that
no army officer's mother-in-law shall ac-
company him to the Philippines aboard a
government transport. This shrewdly he
mulls down the benedict vote.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again.
But a member of the Ananias Club stays
put!

All this disorderly conduct upon the
part of the lid—and the faithful Taft so
far, far away!

Mr. Tillman has publicly denounced Mr.
Roosevelt for the violence of his language.
With all due deference, this really has
every appearance of Satan rebuking sin.

Maine claims to have the only profes-
sional lobster catcher in the world. Evi-
dently the austere New Englanders never
heard of "the original Florida sex-
tet."

It is admitted that the New York World
added considerably to the gaiety of the
nations, if not to the music of the
spheres.

It is not probable that Mr. Harriman
will contribute \$50,000 to the anti-Roosevelt
\$5,000,000 fund, as he is said to have con-
tributed to that other fund. He is not a
man to send good money after bad.

LABOR IN CANAL ZONE.

President's Action in Enforcing
"Open Shop" Is Commended.

From the Columbia (S. C.) State.
The President has very properly served
notice on those on the Canal Zone who
under the name of labor organizations
are trying to dictate how the canal shall
be dug, that the United States govern-
ment cannot take notice, in the employ-
ment of men of any organization. The
engineers, the craftsmen, and the fire-
men engaged in digging the canal have
been demanding higher wages. They
cabled the President asking for permis-
sion to send representatives on to Wash-
ington to press their claims. The Presi-
dent declined, but told them that Sec-
retary Taft would soon be on the isthmus
and would investigate the matter. What-
ever may be one's position as to labor
unions of all kinds, it must be recog-
nized sooner or later that the unions can-
not dictate to the government. This is
the identical principle as that involved
in the relation of the trusts to the gov-
ernment. If the trusts are allowed to
dictate to the government, neither should
a labor union nor any other organized in-
fluence.

One Cause of High Prices.

From the New York Evening Post.
It may be treason to say it, but the
fact seems to be that in the English
market, which is open to the competi-
tion of the world, prices cannot advance
so rapidly as in our own favored land
of tariffs and trusts. Our present method
of manufacturing prosperity is to have
the Federal government, through the
Dingley tariff, put a protective tariff
on the victor's pockets, not overlooking
his scarf pin and other valuables. Mean-
while, our President extols the
square deal, and proves to you that there
is no possible connection between the
tariff and the trusts. The result is pros-
perity for the trusts and the campaign
committee—but the process is undeniably
expensive.

An Improvement.

From the Boston Herald.
They go at the thing in very simple
fashion in Texas. There is a two-cent-
mile bill before the legislature there and
the railroads meet it with an offer to
spend \$10,000,000 in extensions and im-
provements within the next fourteen months
if the bill is defeated. If the bill passes
the projects will be indefinitely postponed.
There is sense in this way of meeting
objectionable legislation. It is open, fair,
and aboveboard. A great improvement on
the other way of maintaining an expen-
sive lobby of shyster lawyers to work
secretly and underhandedly against any
and every measure the railroads regard
as harmful. Why not copy Texas up
North?

A Thought from Kentucky.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
Says the Baltimore Sun:
Nihil melius nisi homine libero dignus quam
sergentia.

Without venturing to contradict the
statement, it may be said that a majority
of those who are able to express them-
selves so beautifully would go to jail
rather than pluck the worms from an
acre of tobacco.

Another "Real Reason."

From the Charleston News and Courier.
The real reason that the President did
not send "Jimmie" Hyde as Ambassador
to Paris was that he feared that France
would retaliate with Boni de Castellan.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

ONE MAGNATE.

He traveled with a crooked tribe.
Adored a crooked job.
He seldom overlooked a bribe.
Nor he changed to rob.
He always ready stood to trim
A victim, he it said.
But this we can aver of him—
He never lied on Ted.

In politics he backed a ring;
No gang was ever worse.
It didn't do one single thing
Unto the public purse.
He seemed to talented coin prefer
A wicked life he led.
But this of him we can aver—
He never lied on Ted.

Accommodating.

"Hail, spring!" shouted they.
"Why, certainly," answered spring. "I
shall also be pleased to rain, snow, storm,
flood, thaw, and drizzle."
And she did.

Dreaming.

"Some day I'll wake up and find myself
famous."
"Aw, wake up!"

Can't Do It.

Women lead the world, say I,
Show me, if you can,
A single killing managed by
A Florida man.

No Doubt.

"The Ananias Club should organize."
"And adopt a yell."
"Sure, I'll bet it would be a mighty ex-
pressive one!"

Stuck.

"What's the matter?" asked the solici-
tor friend. "Can't you think of a new
joke?"

"Worse than that," answered the press
bureauist. "don't seem to be able to
think of an old one just now."

Appropriate.

"I want a name for my new apartment
house. Something fresh and smart and
dinky."
"Why not call it 'The Kennels'?"

TAMPERING WITH TRIFLES.

From the Houston Post.
Farewell—Welcome.
It's good-by to winter now, welcome to
summer;
Good-by to the overcoats, farewell the
sweater;
Welcome the busy bee, welcome the hum-
mer;
Welcome the butterfly, welcome the
breeze!

Good-by, oh, chorus girl, dancing before
us!
Good-by the opera, farewell the play!
Welcome the wayside tree shadily o'er us,
Welcome the springtime flitting away!

Farewell the cozy room, couches and pil-
lows;
Good-by the snuggling away from the
cold;
Welcome the seashore, the sound of the
billows,
Welcome warm evenings and wee hands
to hold.

Farewell the bleak days, welcome the
tulips;
Farewell the short days, welcome the
long;
Farewell the hot drinks, welcome the
ice;
Welcome the picnic and welcome the
song!

Farewell the grumbling, welcome the
laughter;
Welcome the peek-a-boos down by the
sea,
The racing and chasing, the waves com-
ing after!
Welcome the summer girl glad and care-
free!

Plinched.

"Well, how are you and May getting
along since the knot was tied?"
"I'm afraid it was the wrong kind of
a knot."

"How wrong?"
"Oh, it was a slip knot. Every
time I wriggle it draws tighter."

That Doesn't Matter.

"My wife is always victorious in her ar-
guments with me."
"Always in the right, eh?"
"Oh, no; she's hardly ever in the right."

The Opposite.

"Did he go to the dogs when you refused
him?"
"Quite the opposite."
"Yes, he went and got himself engaged to
Kittie Cutty, the little cat!"

Didn't Miss Any Fun.

"You manage to make your husband too
just as you wish him to, don't you?"
"I certainly do."

"It requires tact to boss a man without
letting him know it."
"Boss him without letting him know it?
Where's the fun in that? You bet my
husband knows I boss him."

A Touch of Realism.

"The most realistic play I have ever
seen!"
"What is the most realistic about it?"
"There are four acts."

"And they are supposed to occur on four
successive days."

"Well,"
"Did you not notice that they
have a different servant each act?"

H. M. Whitney a Candidate.

From the Boston Transcript.
It was made very clear by Mr. Henry
M. Whitney's address at the annual din-
ner of the real estate exchange that he
is at least a receptive candidate for the
Democratic nomination for governor this
year. His words were those of a man
who aspires to lead a great fight in
Massachusetts. While he insists that he
will make no fight for the nomination, it
is probable that his friends will be suf-
ficiently alert so that the honor will not go
to Mr. Douglas or Gen. Bartlett without a
contest. Mr. Massachusetts politics this
promises to be an interesting year.

What the Box Contained.

From the Sacramento Union.
It will be remembered that Mayor
Schmitt's new history began, as he an-
nounced, on the 18th day of last April,
and it seems entirely probable that the
box found hidden under the floor of his
former residence was merely the secret
receipt in which he kept his history
up to that time.

Blind Can't See It.

From the Dallas News.
The Postal will raise its rates to the
basis of the Western Union. Whatever
the taxation or cost of maintenance may
be, it comes out of the customer at last.
So it is in other lines; but the blind can-
not see it.

A Self-satisfied Poet.

As he slipped his sarong
On the River Chong,
Said the President Bonilla:
"Tell the world of Bonilla
And the people of Panama
That the war is finished
And the folks of New Cerdona
That the war is finished
Is practically over."
This he really didn't say.
The Lyric is pleasant.
—New York Evening Mail.

MEN AND THINGS.

Penrose and Roosevelt.

That the President has at last broken
with Senator Penrose and has placed the
Pennsylvania statesman in the list of his
"unfriendly," as the word now goes at
the White House, has caused a mild sur-
prise. They have been close friends since
they met first at Harvard in 1877. The
President, who is two years older than
the Senator, was only one class ahead
of him at college. They belonged to the
same societies. Penrose was one of the
first members of the Senate to assure the
President of his hearty support after Mr.
Roosevelt entered the White House, and
from that day to the present the Penn-
sylvanian has been a staunch supporter of
administration measures. It will be re-
called as chairman of the Post-office
Committee Senator Penrose resolutely
fought for the confirmation as postmaster
of Washington one of the President's
former assistant secretaries, and he was
also among the first of the "conserva-
tives" on the Republican side of the Sen-
ate to espouse the President's original
railroad reform programme. When the test
came about a year ago of Senator Pen-
rose's domination in the Senate to Quay
of the old Republican machine in the
Keystone State, the President gave him
support to Penrose, or, otherwise, it is
likely that the Senator would have been
defeated at the Harrisburg convention
which nominated the present governor of
the State. The President's distinctive fol-
lowing in Pennsylvania—the reform or
anti-organization element of Republi-
cans—declared they could have routed the
old machine and unseated Penrose had
the President shown them the favor they
thought they had a right to expect. They
bolted the Penrose ticket and came within
less than fifty thousand of carrying the
State.

J. Ham Done For?

As viewed by his friends in Washington,
whose name is legion, the Hon. J. Ham-
ilton Lewis is the worst sufferer from the
deluge in Chicago last Tuesday. This en-
terprising statesman migrated from South-
west to Chicago, and he came within less
than fifty thousand of carrying the
Northwestern section had become too set
in its Republicanism longer to feed his
political ambition, and he chose Chicago
because it offered a field for the encou-
agement of his hopes. He had been a
resident of that city only a brief spell
when he was called to the cabinet of
Mayor Dunne as corporation counsel, and
from this position he had expected to
step again into Congress. But now that
the Republicans have for the first time
secured full control of Chicago, it is be-
lieved they will soon manifest election
from this position to keep Col. Lewis out
of Congress, even though his Democratic
admirers should nominate him. Still, the
Hon. J. Ham has a habit of landing on
his feet whatever happens.

Whitlock's Experiment.

Brand Whitlock, the brilliant, young
Socialist mayor of Toledo, Ohio, has in-
augurated at least one reform in the
administration of that city that is meet-
ing with success and popular approval. Un-
der his direction a parole officer has been
provided for, whose duty it is to look up
situations for the inmates of the work-
house. The inmates who succeed in ac-
quiring work go forth with a letter to
their employer. No guard goes with him.
Not one has ever run away, and thus far
their word of honor has proved enough
to bring them back at the appointed time.
In order that this plan might be worked
out, Mayor Whitlock abolished striped
clothing in the workhouse. The experi-
ment is proving so beneficial all around
in Toledo that other city governments are
studying it with the view of adopting it.

Scott's Peculiar Accomplishment.

Col. Hugh L. Scott, now superintendent
of the United States Military Academy at
West Point, owes much of his marked
success in the army to his peculiar fac-
ility for mastering the sign language em-
ployed by the Indians in this country,
and other semi-savage folk, when on the
warpath. No other officer of the army
is so conversant with the sign language as
Col. Scott's equal in this regard. He
took up the study while a young subter-
n on the plains, in the days when In-
dian wars were of frequent occurrence,
and then learned in detail the significance
of the sign languages of all kinds used
by the Redskins. When assigned to duty
with his command in the Philippines, he
quickly perceived that the Filipinos whom
he had to chastise were aided in their
defensive tactics wonderfully by the em-
ployment of signs and symbols, and it
was not long before he had mastered the
most important discovery that there were
striking similarities between the sign lan-
guages he had learned from the Indians
at home and those used by the insurgents
in the Philippines. It is said that Col.
Scott has instituted an investigation to
learn if there is not sufficient similarity
between the sign languages of all semi-
savage peoples to denote that these meth-
ods of communication are of common ori-
gin. He is now working on a summary of
the sign language in the distant past, and
he is thinking of making the study a part
of the curriculum at West Point.

The Third-term Boomer.

Former Senator Marion Butler, of North
Carolina, can properly lay claim to the